

THAW DRIVEN TO MURDEROUS REVENGE BY LETTERS TO BRIDE

DEVELOPMENTS NOW IN FAVOR OF YOUNG THAW

(Continued from First Page.)

Thaw goes upon the witness stand and tells the story of her life from the time she came to New York until the moment of Monday night's tragedy. It is believed that it may cause the jury which Thaw will face to render its verdict of not guilty to any crime.

OPINION SLOWLY CRYSTALLIZING.

This idea is borne out by a statement attributed to Inspector Schmittberger, of the Tenderloin precinct, made early today, after a night spent by the detectives of his force in tracing odd ends of the story.

"There have been many developments of this case," the inspector is quoted as saying, "and all of them are very favorable to the defendant."

That White, since Thaw's marriage, had persisted in trying to see Mrs. Thaw, who was one of his favorites before her marriage, seems to be borne out by good evidence. That he possessed some influence over her, too, which made it hard for her to resist his advances, and caused her to fear him greatly, also seems to be capable of proof.

Evidence has been brought forward in the statement of friends of Thaw to show that the agitation manifested by Mrs. Thaw on Monday evening when she saw White in the Cafe Martin, while dining there before going to Madison Square roof garden, the scene of the murder, was not the only time she had manifested fright when he was near her. It was stated that the sight of White was always sufficient to upset her completely.

STORY OF THE PARIS MEETING.

A story was told today by an intimate of Thaw to show that it was an attempt on the part of White to force himself in some way on Mrs. Thaw which led to the whole story of her former relations with the man being poured into the bridegroom's ears while the Thaws were in Paris last year.

According to the statement of this man, who is being counted upon by the defense as one of their most important witnesses, Mrs. Thaw was taken ill one evening while they were stopping at the Ritz Hotel during the dinner hour. Thaw accompanied her to their room and pressed his inquiries as to what had affected her so suddenly. She told him at first that she could not tell him, saying:

"Oh, Harry, I can never tell you. You will never know."

Thaw, however, insisted so strongly on knowing the whole truth that his wife, with many tears, told the story of her former life in that section of the city where the white lights burn so luridly, and of White's place in her life. She finished the recital by stating that she had learned that White was then in Paris, and perhaps stopping at the same hotel with them. Thaw at that time did not know White.

Found Wife With White.

The next day Thaw returned to his apartments to find his wife absent. He started on a hunt through the hotel, and finally found her in a corner of one of the reception rooms talking earnestly to a man. He took his wife away with him, and when they had reached their apartments demanded to know who the man was.

Mrs. Thaw then admitted with further tears that it was White, and said he had sent her a note demanding a few moments with her. Thaw rushed down to the main floor of the building, but White was gone. Thaw encountered him the next day and accosted him on the street, asking if he were Stanford White, of New York. White, however, denied his identity.

A few days later while Thaw and his wife were walking together they encountered the stranger and Thaw understood at once by the actions of Mrs. Thaw that the man must be White. He again accosted him and told him that if he ever troubled his wife again or dared to speak to her he would stir up a scandal that would drive White out of the United States, as he knew all about him. White, according to this story, instead of showing fear, turned on Thaw and angrily told him to look out for himself and ordered Thaw never to speak to him again.

The beginning of the tragedy of Monday night, it is claimed by Thaw's friends, was in that Paris meeting and the fact that White declined to heed the warning given him and persisted in his attention to the young wife.

Discovered Tell-Tale Letter.

Throughout the months intervening since the Paris encounter, White, it is claimed, at intervals sent notes to Mrs. Thaw. The last of these came within a week, according to Thaw's defenders. It was a letter, according to the reports told of the incident, asking Mrs. Thaw for an appointment.

Knowing the anguish which this letter would give her husband, as he had for some time been brooding over her wrongs at the hands of the architect, Mrs. Thaw tried to keep the letter from him and placed it in a bureau drawer. Thaw found the missive, however, and read it. It is believed that from that moment he began learning the killing of White. The momentary encounter with White in the Cafe Martin Monday evening, with its effect upon Mrs. Thaw, who once more was moved to show her terror, was the final blow which caused Thaw to determine to wait no longer in riding his life of the man he regarded as a monster trying to steal his wife.

Thaw, according to his friends, has never been exactly the same man he was since the story of his wife's connection with White was poured into his ears in the Paris Hotel. He has brooded over it ever since. After the first shock of the revelations he recovered somewhat, believing that his warning to White would be sufficient to keep the man away. It was after he had stumbled onto White's last letter, according to some friends, that Thaw began to carry the revolver with which he finally committed the murder.

Husband Warned White.

But his act was not committed with-

Keep Your Eye On

"The Nest Egg"

Third of ten irresistibly funny Jacobs' stories now running in The Washington Sunday Times. It is a complete story, and it will appear next Sunday.

had recovered his self-possession and calm after the breakdown which he suffered yesterday. The restraint of the cell is annoying to him after the free life he has always been accustomed to living, but he is making the best of it.

Prisoner Reads the Papers.

He retired last night at 10:30 o'clock. His valet had not yet provided him with pajamas and he was obliged to sleep in his underclothing.

He awoke at 1 o'clock but soon dropped asleep again and did not awaken until 6:30 this morning. He arose and dressed and went for coffee and rolls, after which he smoked a cigar. He then called for the morning newspapers and devoted himself attentively to reading the accounts of the tragedy.

Girl Witness Tells

Story of Tragedy

Howard Webster, a song composer, and Miss Catherine Roberts, who lives in the Hotel Sturtevant, sat two seats from where Mr. White had his table. Miss Roberts said they had noticed Mr. White come in and had commented on it. Mr. Webster, sitting next to her, was adding that Mr. White's firm had been the architects to design the Garden. Miss Roberts said she saw Mr. White talking with Mr. Stevens, a caterer, who walked away laughing.

Then she said Mr. Thaw suddenly appeared, excited and white. She saw him flash the pistol, "something which she said, not dreaming his intent, and before she could even scream to warn Mr. White, Thaw fired three shots. She said White never uttered a sound, but rolled over dead, pulling table and chair with him.

Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Stevens corroborated Miss Roberts and effectually disposed of the one insistent story that the recent meeting at Gravesend, between Mr. White and with him at the time he was shot.

"Not a thing to that," said Mr. Lawrence. "Mr. White was alone at the table after saying a few friendly words to Mr. Stevens."

Thaw a Heavy Loser

On Races Recently

NEW YORK, June 27.—The Harry K. Thaw-Stanford White tragedy has an echo on the turf. "The Thaw-Stanford White tragedy," said Sloan yesterday, "for two of the early days of the current meeting here at Sheepshead Bay. Today it was learned Thaw lost a considerable sum during the disastrous run of beaten public choices and the loss on the part of the public of \$1,000,000 on Saturday, June 16."

Thaw was a box holder at the Sheepshead Bay track. Whenever he went to the races he never failed to seek out Tod Sloan. The last time Thaw was at the track was the last day at Sheepshead Bay. He ran down to his last \$500 and bet that on some closely held favorite. He lost on the sale of gold. The Prince of Wales set up an establishment for Josie Mansfield, a woman with whom he was deeply infatuated. It was not long before the woman began to show a liking for Stokes. Fisk realized the situation, but he evidently still cared for her and tried to win her back. When this proved impossible he wrote to her, "You went that road because it looked smooth and pleasant, and mine looked ragged and worn. I can see you now as I saw you last night, when you talked to the man Stokes. Do not deceive yourself, you love him. Leave him alone, for in me you have nothing left."

White Funeral Tomorrow;

Bishop Greer Officiating

NEW YORK, June 27.—The funeral of Stanford White will take place tomorrow forenoon at 10 o'clock, in St. Bartholomew's Church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street. This church has been the scene of many fashionable weddings. Mr. White was not a parishioner, but Mrs. White has her pew in St. Bartholomew's.

The interment of Mr. White's body will be in the churchyard in St. James, L. I., where the Whites have a country home. Among the chief mourners will be Mrs. Bloomfield, Wetherill, Mrs. White's sister, Mrs. J. Clinch Smith and Mrs. Prescott Hall Butler. Other relatives are now abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White have been prominent socially that it is expected there will be a large attendance of friends tomorrow.

LARRINAGO TELLS

PRESIDENT GOOD-BYE

President Roosevelt received a visit this morning from Tullio Larrinago, the Porto Rican commissioner, who came to say good-bye before he sails for Rio Janeiro to attend the Pan-American congress.

"We are preparing for our election down in Porto Rico," said Mr. Larrinago, "and the outlook is for a very quiet one. The people of the island are more contented than they have been at any time since the transfer of authority to the United States and we all wish that we had had Governor Winthrop at the helm from the start. The only thing that is kicking about is the failure of Congress to give us a tariff that would protect our coffee."

I SAVE TEETH

And not being in the combine, I do it reasonably. I also restore lost ones. Compare these prices:

German Porcelain Fillings, the most natural, tooth-like substance ever discovered. \$1.00

Porcelain Crowns. \$3.50
22-k Gold Crowns. \$4.00
Silver Amalgam Fillings. 50c
Bridge Work. \$3.50 up

I have all the latest methods, but do not claim the impossible. By being gentle, and with the use of the very best agents to relieve pain, I am able to perform all operations as near painless as it is possible for a skillful man to do.

Any plates, others charge \$12 to \$15, my price, with 22-k gold crown, is only \$7.50

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A PERFECT FIT, best materials, and extractions free with all plate work.

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1012 F Street N. W. Phone Main 2056 Washington, D. C.

MURDER OF FISK

BY EDWIN STOKES

Another Famous Case That Stirred New York Years Ago.

NEW YORK, June 27.—To find a parallel in public interest for the White-Market Fisk tragedy it is necessary to go back a third of a century. On Saturday, January 6, 1872, Edwin Stokes shot James Fisk, Jr., on the stairway of the old Grand Central Hotel. The trouble in that instance arose over a woman. The two men were famous in the annals of the town, as White and Thaw have been. There, however, the similarity between the cases seems to end. If young Thaw manages to escape the penalty of his act, however, on some plea, whether of insanity or self-defense, he will add another item to the likeness between his case and that of Stokes.

Jim Fisk, as he was always called, had lived a strange life. He began by running away with a circus, and for seven years followed the fortunes of a lion tamer. Then he became a peddler and later got into business in Boston. He sold a lot of old blankets to the Government at the outbreak of the civil war, receiving a price that laid the foundation for his fortune. He also made money on cotton.

Fisk came to New York soon after the war, where he won the confidence of old Dan Drew, the banker, and became a member of the board of the Erie, where he soon became a comrade of Jay Gould. Together they put down Erie stock. In 1869 Fisk cornered the gold market, running gold up to 150. When President Grant knocked the bottom out of the market Fisk repudiated all the bargains he had made and retained a kind of popularity. He was of the big magnetic type, noted for a certain indiscriminate generosity that always commands a certain liking.

Warm Friends at First.

It was business that first brought Fisk and Stokes together. Stokes was interested in an oil company that furnished oil to the Erie. The two men became friends, and Fisk invited the younger man to dine at the famous house, 321 Twenty-third street, where the Prince of Wales had set up an establishment for Josie Mansfield, a woman with whom he was deeply infatuated. It was not long before the woman began to show a liking for Stokes. Fisk realized the situation, but he evidently still cared for her and tried to win her back. When this proved impossible he wrote to her, "You went that road because it looked smooth and pleasant, and mine looked ragged and worn. I can see you now as I saw you last night, when you talked to the man Stokes. Do not deceive yourself, you love him. Leave him alone, for in me you have nothing left."

He prophesied that she would treat Stokes as she did him, but such a woman the woman's hold upon him that within a month Fisk was sending her money and writing to her, "We shall be happy again."

After that there came a definite break. The fight was transferred to the business relations of the two men. Fisk withdrew the Erie's patronage of the oil company, and Stokes lost heavily. Each man had the other arrested in turn. Josie Mansfield gave her new lover the old one's letters, which threatened a \$10,000. Then the Mansfield woman began a suit against Fisk.

Stokes Roused to Anger.

On the morning of the day when the shooting occurred there was a hearing of this last suit in Yorkville court. Stokes accompanied the woman. Under the questioning of Fisk's lawyers she broke down and cried. This roused her to anger. Later he went to her house, and it is said that a messenger brought the news that Fisk had procured a warrant for the arrest of both of them. Stokes evidently saw that the fight was going against him. Leaving the woman, he got a carriage and drove to the Grand Opera House, where Fisk then had an office. Presently he saw his enemy leave the place and go into a cab headed Broadway as far as Bleeker street. Then he left his cab and followed on foot. He ran ahead of Fisk, who was in the Grand Central Hotel and up to the head of the stairs.

Fisk passed in at the woman's entrance and started to go upstairs. Just above the middle landing he looked up and saw Stokes resting the barrel of a pistol on the metal post above him. Two shots followed.

"For God's sake, won't somebody save me!" Fisk was heard to cry as he fell. Stokes threw his gun into the ladies' parlor, ran down another stairway, and started to leave through the barber shop of the hotel. There he was captured.

Fisk was able to get to his seat and walk upstairs. He was helped to a room, where he lay till the next morning, dying at 11 o'clock. Before he died, Tweed, the boss, who had just been arrested, said, "You've lost a good many friends."

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THAW THREATENED PHILADELPHIA MAN

Young Millionaire's Prophetic Words Materialized in New York Shooting.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27.—"Many a man has been killed for doing less than what you are doing now."

Harry Thaw, the young millionaire and slayer of Architect Stanford White, trembling with rage born of acute jealousy over his pretty girl wife, Evelyn Nesbit, uttered this prophetic warning to a prominent Philadelphia clubman in New York city less than five months ago, when the Philadelphia man, who was his guest at dinner, had aroused his jealousy by engaging in conversation with the attractive Mrs. Thaw.

Thaw's Prophetic Words.

Young Thaw's prophetic statement, followed so soon by the killing of Stanford White, was yesterday the topic of conversation among Philadelphia clubmen.

That Thaw was intensely infatuated with his young wife and regarded her with acute jealousy was well known to his many friends in Philadelphia. When the incident occurred at the New York dinner Thaw stood glaring at the Philadelphia man and only resumed his seat when the latter quietly remarked:

"Well, I shall talk to Mrs. Thaw, and I won't be shot by you, either."

Several men, prominent in Philadelphia society, were guests of the young millionaire and witnessed his display of rage and none was surprised yesterday to learn of the shooting.

Known in Philadelphia.

The tragedy has awakened acute interest here because of the many friends all the participants have in Philadelphia. It was in Philadelphia that Stanford White first met the winsome Evelyn Nesbit when she was a member of the chorus in George Lederer's "Florodora," playing at the Casino, and during the past few years Harry Thaw has figured in a number of sensational escapades here.

Evelyn Nesbit, artist's model and chorus girl, began her brief career as a professional model in this city at the age of fourteen, when, accompanied by her mother, she came from Chester after her father died. The family spent one winter in Philadelphia, living at 1913 Arch street, where she was then a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Her more serious work as a model, however, was done with George Gibbs, the well-known illustrator who "signed" her. She was then a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Her more serious work as a model, however, was done with George Gibbs, the well-known illustrator who "signed" her. She was then a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

Through a Philadelphia artist Evelyn Nesbit gained her greatest fame as a model. A well-known artist had posed her for a medallion which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

"I'm afraid you're going to lose another. I'm suffering like a small boy that's eaten too many green apples."

When they would not admit him to Fisk's room sat down beside an old lady, servant of the wounded man, and the two cried and sobbed together.

The town was in an uproar over the affair. Fisk had been one of the "after-the-war colonels," and his regiment was greatly stirred up. Some hotheads wanted to mob the Tomb, where Stokes had been taken from the Mercer street station. A guard of 200 policemen surrounded the city prison.

Stokes was arrested and sentenced to death. He obtained a new trial, however, and got free on the ground that he had shot Fisk in self-defense. He died only a few years ago.

Josie Mansfield went to Paris. Nine years later she married a rich young man named Read. Later they separated, and seven years ago the woman was stricken with paralysis. Now she too is dead.

THE OLD "TOWN MEETING"

What's the matter with America? In the first place, we are drifting too far away from the old "town meeting" idea. Before the Plymouth fathers landed they counseled together in the cabin of the Mayflower. Each man's voice was raised and heard. When they threw up the first tiny settlement, the town meeting hall was of first moment. The call of the revolution came from the town meeting. Colonial America was founded in the town meeting. Its salvation was worked out in the town meeting. The constitution was born of the "town meeting" idea vouchsafing equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

But where is the town meeting today? It exists in the hamlet. It is evident in the township. Rural communities still get together and debate for the common good. But in the great administrative and legislative branches of government the town meeting idea seems to have succumbed to a new influence. It is not government by the many; it is government by the few. Yet be it remembered, that this few still recognize that the rights of the people are fundamental and their protection is absolutely essential even to the building of selfish monuments of gold and brass. In higher government, the "town meeting" idea is losing caste—Spare Moments.

SAY MINISTER'S SON BETRAYED MRS. THAW

NEW YORK, June 27.—The New York Press says this morning:

Whatever may be the defense and whatever the testimony which Evelyn Nesbit Thaw may give, investigation yesterday revealed the following facts which throw a strange light on the crime:

For eighteen months Thaw had threatened to kill White.

White had been warned repeatedly that his life was in danger.

Every time Thaw and his wife saw White the former chorus girl pointed to the architect as the man who had ruined her.

A half dozen friends of the couple were found who said they had sat at the same table with Thaw and his wife, and she had discussed her downfall openly.

"What are you going to do to that man who ruined your wife?" she was heard to say to Thaw frequently.

From day to day Evelyn Nesbit Thaw goaded her husband to avenge her dishonor.

Yet persons who know insist that White was not the cause of the former chorus girl's architect denials. A mysterious reason she pointed him out as the man to her husband.

Evening of the Nesbit Thaw, it was established also, had told many of said Thaw was a "dope fiend" and that she, far from loving him, was disgusted with him. She made these statements both before and after her marriage.

The woman had been friendly with White before she met Thaw, but this friendship, it was asserted, ceased after her marriage. White, it was intimated, had gone about town telling of his relations with Evelyn Nesbit, boasting to them to the friends of the architect. This had brought on the tragedy. But it was impossible to verify that assertion.

On the other hand, it is known definitely that when Thaw accused White of having brought about the ruin of the former chorus girl the architect denied the charge vehemently and offered to produce several men who had been friendly with Evelyn Nesbit before he met her.

As a climax to the entire tragedy came the story from a woman who had been a companion of the Nesbit Thaw for several years. That old chum said Evelyn had been ruined by the son of a clergyman, and that even after her marriage Thaw she asserted her love for her betrayer.

It was my brother who some four years ago introduced Mrs. Thaw, then Evelyn Nesbit, to E. F. Sweeney, president of the Seattle Brewing and Malt Company, then visiting New York. At this meeting Mr. Sweeney offered her \$1,000 for a miniature of herself, to be used on the large calendar of the brewing company. Miss Nesbit accepted the offer. That is how Mr. Sweeney got the picture that is on his calendar. He has her miniature on his desk in the brewery now.

R. M. White is one of the largest investors in Seattle, and is a prominent citizen, belonging to the best clubs. He is on his way to New York.

STANFORD DID NOT WRONG THAW'S WIFE

—R. M. WHITE, Brother

Only Aided Her, He Declares, to Artistic Success.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 27.—"My brother never did Evelyn Nesbit or Harry Thaw any wrong. On the contrary, he helped the girl and gave her thousands of dollars."

This statement was made by Richard Mansfield White, Seattle capitalist and investor, brother of Stanford White. Richard Mansfield White received a telegram early yesterday morning telling of his brother's death. He is prostrated, as they were chums, weekly letters passing between them.

Mr. White's room here is adorned with a dozen photographs of his brother Stanford and pictures of buildings he designed.

"Although I never met Evelyn Nesbit," said Richard Mansfield White, "I know of her. I know that she was frequently of her. I know that she has been acquainted with Evelyn Nesbit and her family for fifteen years. When she went on the stage my brother, out of friendship for her family, gave her large sums of money. He helped her, as he has many boys and girls with whose parents he was well acquainted."

"I knew from him that he never was intimate with her, either before or after her marriage. He knew her and befriended her, and that is all."

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Including Suits that Sold up to \$40.

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\$7.50 White Enamel Bed reduced to... \$5.85

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We have a very big stock of Mattings, which we import direct, and we are now offering many extraordinary bargains.

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This very pretty Parlor Chair, mahogany finish frame, with well-upholstered seat; excellent made. Reduced to... \$5.85

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